



81

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

# DEVIL INSIDE



*PLOT*

**Todd McFarlane**  
**Brian Holguin**

*STORY*

**Brian Holguin**

*PENCILS*

**Greg Capullo**

*INKS*

**Danny Miki**

*COPY EDITOR and LETTERING*  
**Tom Orzechowski**

*COLOR*

**Dan Kemp**  
**Brian Haberlin**

*COVER ART*

**Greg Capullo**  
**Todd McFarlane**

*president of entertainment*

**TERRY FITZGERALD**

*executive director for Image Comics*  
**LARRY MARDER**

*executive director for publishing*  
**BEAU SMITH**

*managing editor*  
**TED ADAMS**

*editorial coordinator*  
**MELANIE SIMMONS**

*art director*  
**BRENT ASHE**

*designers*  
**JOHN GALLAGHER**  
**BOYD WILLIAMS**

*SPAWN 80 Summary*

With Spawn's help, Sam and Twitch surmise that Dr. Sarah Frost is the serial killer of the alley inhabitants. Spawn confronts her and witnesses her suicide by pesticides, a victim of her own imagined phobia. But when Sam examines Dr. Frost's body, he finds that now familiar symbol branded on her neck... Later, Sam and Twitch receive a cardboard box with a head in it and a cryptic message written on their office wall.

**DEDICATED TO**  
**Mark McGwire**

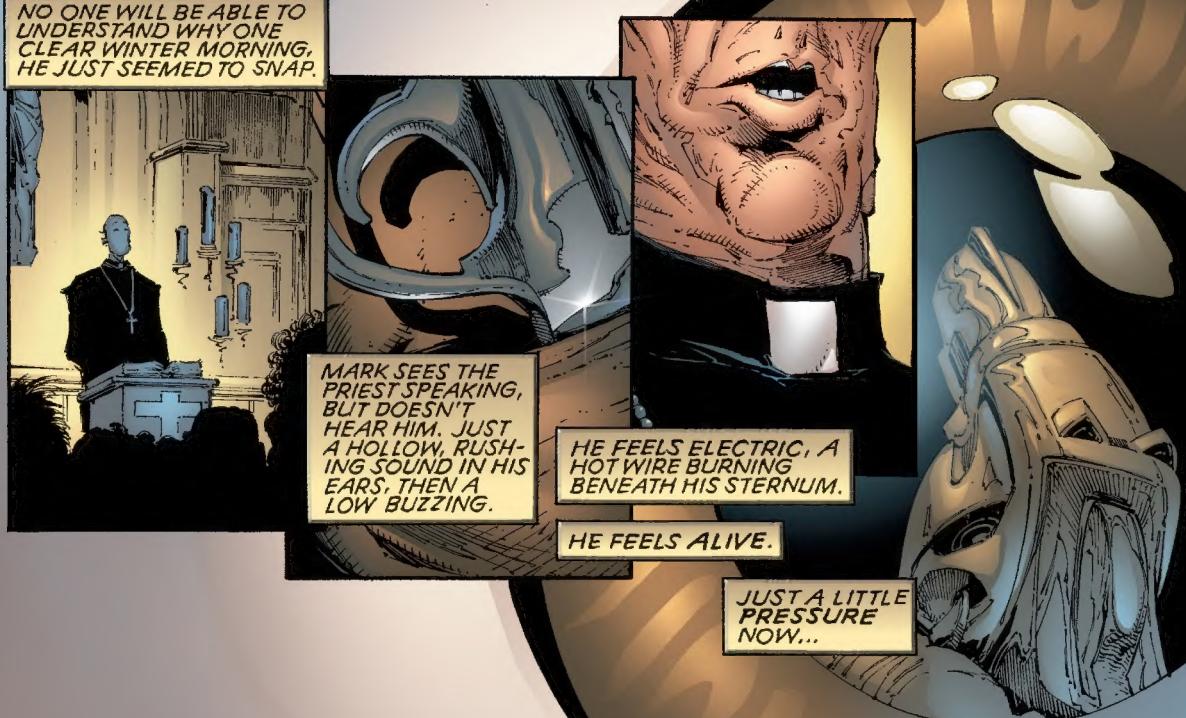
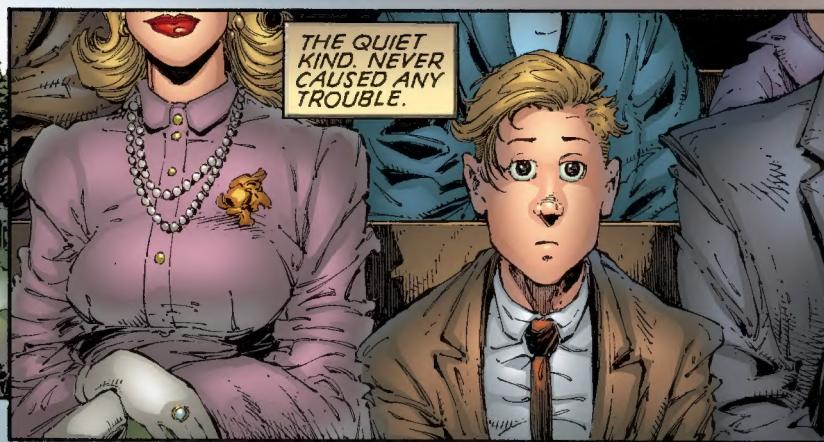
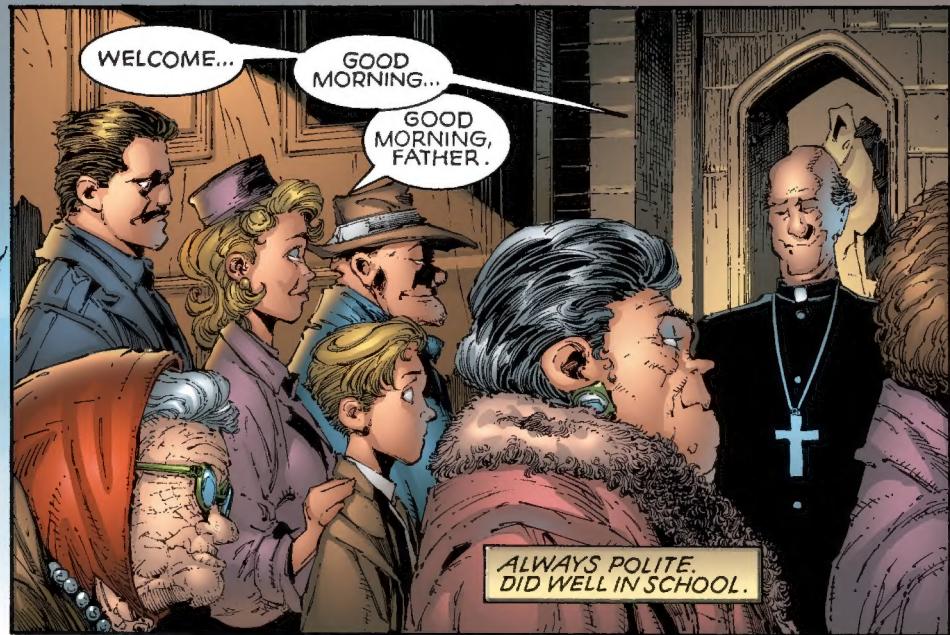
MERRICK,  
LONG ISLAND.





WHEN IT'S  
ALL OVER,  
EVERYONE  
WILL AGREE.

MARK LUCAS  
WAS A  
GOOD KID.





BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!!

THE BUZZING SOUND GIVES WAY TO DISTANT THUNDER AND THE FALLING ECHOES OF SCREAMS ALL AROUND HIM.

AND THEN THE SCREAMS GIVE WAY TO LAUGHTER.

A THICK, GLUTTONOUS LAUGHTER ONLY MARK CAN HEAR.



MANHATTAN.

SPAWN SLUMBERS.

A BRIEF  
RESPITE  
FROM THE  
TORTURES  
OF HIS  
EXISTENCE.



SOMETIMES, WHEN HE DREAMS, HE ALMOST FEELS LIKE A MAN AGAIN.

BUT RIGHT NOW, HIS DREAMS ARE TROUBLED.

A PRESENCE... AN UNNAMED EVIL... DISTANT YET FAMILIAR... CALLS OUT TO HIM... TAUNTING HIM...

BLOODSTAINED WASHES AND ECHOES OF MURDER...

SOMETHING GNAWS AT THE CORE OF HIS BEING... FLUTTERING LIKE A PIGEON IN A CAGE.



MURDER MOST FOUL...

SHAKEN BY THESE IMAGES,  
SPAWN MOVES ON INSTINCT...

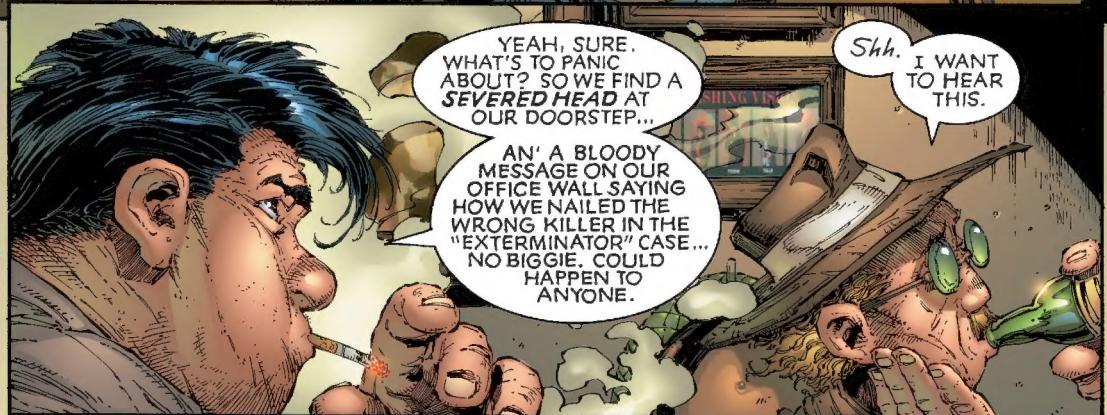
INSTINCT HONED  
BY A LIFETIME  
OF COMBAT AND  
TEMPERED IN THE  
FIRES OF HELL.

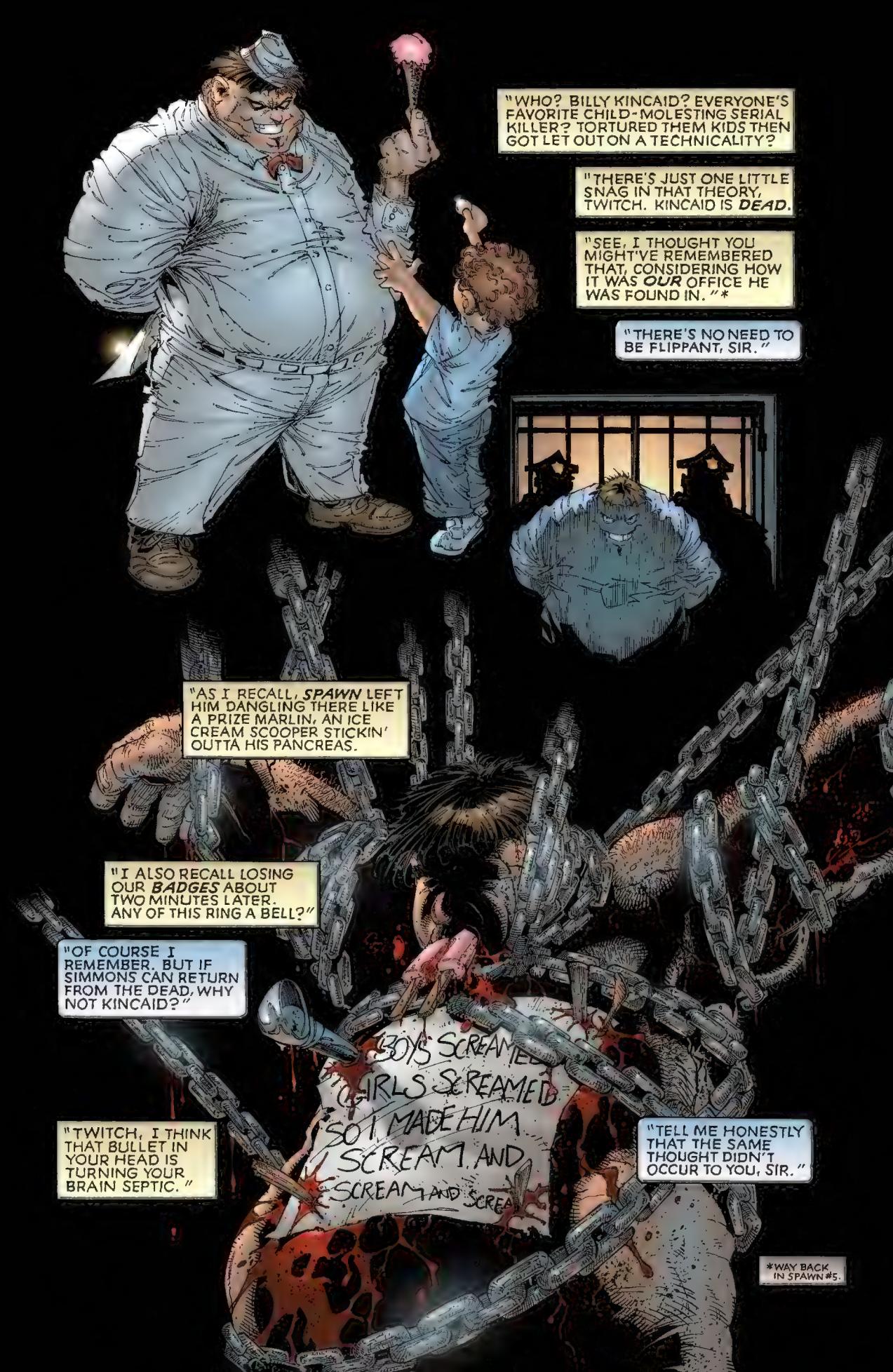
BOUNDING  
UP DECREPIT  
STAIRWAYS...  
BARRELING  
THROUGH  
DECAYING  
FLOOR  
BOARDS...

FROM THE SHADOWS,  
HE STARES OUT  
ACROSS THE SKY-  
LINE, AND SEES  
NOTHING. BUT IT'S  
OUT THERE...  
SOMETHING IS  
OUT THERE...

WHERE  
IS IT?

AND IT'S  
LAUGHING  
AT HIM.





"WHO? BILLY KINCAID? EVERYONE'S FAVORITE CHILD-MOLESTING SERIAL KILLER? TORTURED THEM KIDS THEN GOT LET OUT ON A TECHNICALITY?"

"THERE'S JUST ONE LITTLE SNAG IN THAT THEORY, TWITCH. KINCAID IS **DEAD**."

"SEE, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT'VE REMEMBERED THAT, CONSIDERING HOW IT WAS **OUR** OFFICE HE WAS FOUND IN. \*\*"

"THERE'S NO NEED TO BE FLIPPANT, SIR."

"AS I RECALL, SPAWN LEFT HIM DANGLING THERE LIKE A PRIZE MARLIN, AN ICE CREAM SCOOPER STICKIN' OUTTA HIS PANCREAS."

"I ALSO RECALL LOSING OUR **BADGES** ABOUT TWO MINUTES LATER. ANY OF THIS RING A BELL?"

"OF COURSE I REMEMBER, BUT IF SIMMONS CAN RETURN FROM THE DEAD, WHY NOT KINCAID?"

"TWITCH, I THINK THAT BULLET IN YOUR HEAD IS TURNING YOUR BRAIN SEPTIC."

BOYS SCREAMED  
GIRLS SCREAMED  
SO I MADE HIM  
SCREAM AND  
SCREAM AND SCREAM

"TELL ME HONESTLY THAT THE SAME THOUGHT DIDN'T OCCUR TO YOU, SIR..."

\*WAY BACK IN SPAWN #5.



LONG  
ISLAND.

MARK LUCAS  
HIDES IN DARK-  
NESS, EYES SHUT  
DRUM-TIGHT,  
PRAYING TO THE  
VERY DEPTHS OF  
HIS SOUL THAT IT  
WAS ALL JUST A  
BAD DREAM.

HE BARGAINS AND  
PLEADS AND SWEARS  
TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE  
TO GOOD DEEDS, IF  
ONLY IT WOULD ALL  
JUST GO AWAY.

IT  
DOESN'T  
WORK.

HE TRIES NOT  
TO THINK  
ABOUT HIS  
MOM AND  
DAD, ABOUT  
FATHER  
COLLINS, OR  
ABOUT ANY  
OF THE REST.

THANKS,  
MAN, BUT I  
DON'T THINK  
I CAN  
EAT...

YOU'RE  
ALL OVER THE  
TV, DUDE. THIS  
IS REALLY HARD-  
CORE. THE COPS  
CAME BY. I TOLD  
'EM I HADN'T  
SEEN YOU.

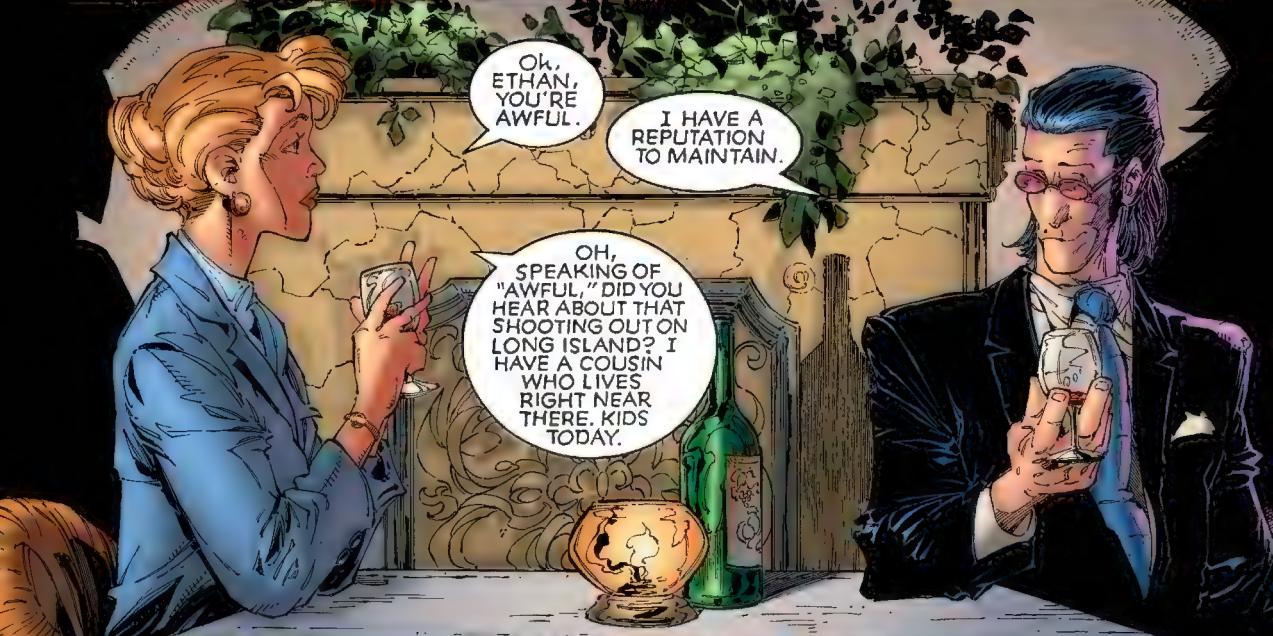
I THINK  
I'M LOSING  
MY MIND.  
WHEN I  
CLOSE MY  
EYES...  
I DON'T  
KNOW...

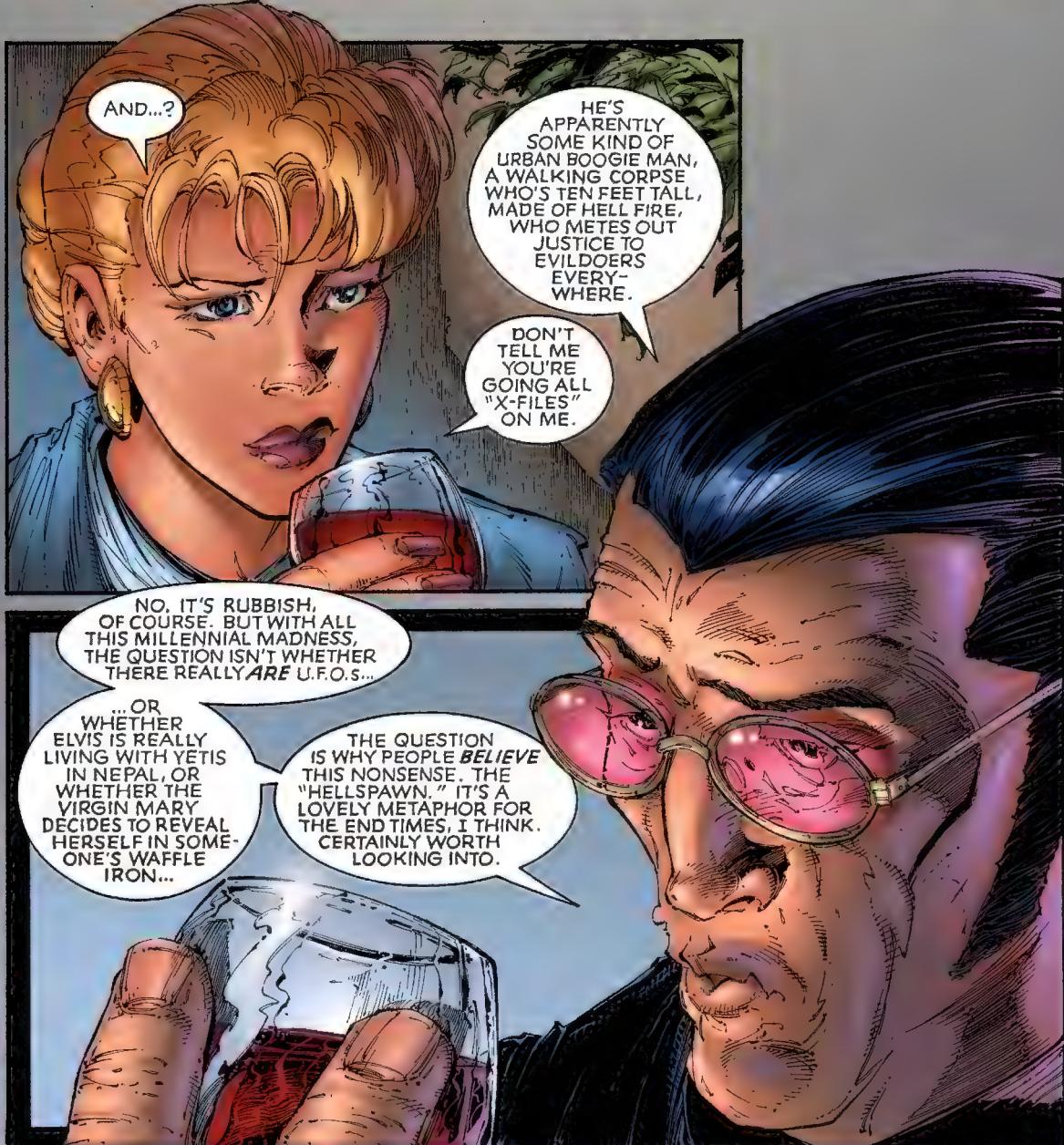
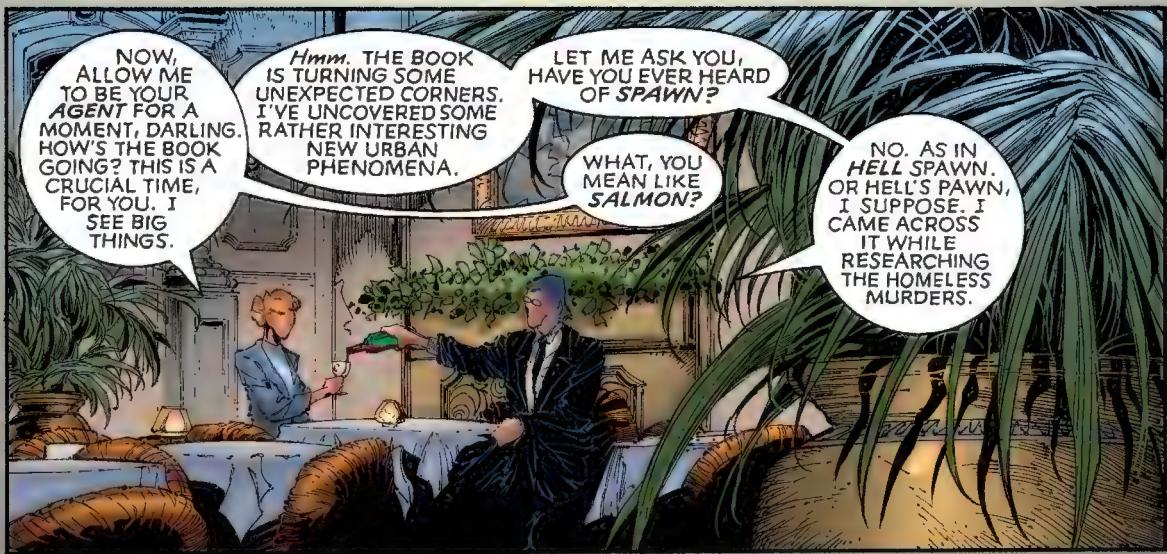
HE TRIES NOT TO  
THINK OF ANY-  
THING AT ALL.

WOW. UH,  
LISTEN. IT'S  
DARK OUT NOW.  
MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD, WELL,  
YOU KNOW...

YEAH.  
OKAY.

Psst...  
HEY, MARK,  
IT'S ME. I  
BROUGHT  
YOU A SAND-  
WICH.





ELSEWHERE.

IT'S IN  
MY HEAD  
AGAIN, COG.  
IT'S PLAYING  
WITH ME.

I  
THOUGHT  
THIS WAS  
OVER,  
BUT IT'S  
BACK.

I  
KNOW.

YOU  
KNOW?

YES, I'M  
AFRAID I  
FOUND SOME-  
THING RATHER  
DISTURBING.  
REMEMBER THE  
BRAND THAT WAS  
FOUND ON MS. FROST  
AFTER HER DEATH,  
AND ON THE  
MAN IN THE  
MORGUE?\*

I WAS FINALLY  
ABLE TO FULLY IDENTIFY  
IT. THE *SERPENTINE  
ADDENDUM* IS WRITTEN  
IN AN ANCIENT CODE, SO  
IT TOOK A WHILE. COME,  
I'LL SHOW YOU.



TEN HOURS AGO,  
MARK LUCAS HAD A  
FUTURE. A BRIGHT  
AND SHINING PATH  
OF POSSIBILITIES  
STRETCHED OUT  
ENDLESSLY IN  
FRONT OF HIM.

HE WAS GOING TO BE SOME-  
ONE. A DOCTOR, MAYBE, OR  
AN ARCHEOLOGIST. HE WAS  
GOING TO TRAVEL TO EUROPE  
AND FALL IN LOVE AND GET  
MARRIED.

HE WOULD HAVE CHILDREN  
AND GRANDCHILDREN. VACA-  
TIONS AT THE LAKE AND  
CHRISTMAS EVES 'ROUND THE  
FIRE.

BUT THAT'S ALL GONE  
NOW. STOLEN AWAY LIKE  
A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

BLASTED INTO OBLIVION BY SIX  
PULLS OF A COLD METAL TRIGGER.

HE SEES  
THAT NOW.

TEN HOURS  
AGO, MARK  
WAS JUST A  
KID. A MERE  
CHILD. FULL  
OF CHILDISH  
HOPES AND  
DREAMS.

BUT CHILD-  
HOOD'S  
OVER.

NOW...  
NOW AND  
FOREVER...  
HE IS A  
KILLER.

THE GUN FEELS HEAVY  
AND FOREIGN IN HIS  
HANDS, SOME  
MONSTROUS, ALIEN  
APPENDAGE. SO THIS  
IS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO  
HOLD DEATH IN  
YOUR HANDS.

TWITCH WILLIAMS HAS ALWAYS HAD A KNACK FOR SOLVING PROBLEMS.

IN SCHOOL, HE WAS A MATH PRODIGY. ALGEBRAIC EQUATIONS DANCED LIKE SYMPHONIES THROUGH HIS AGILE MIND.

BUT THERE ARE FAR MORE UNSEEN VARIABLES IN REAL LIFE. "X" THE UNKNOWN.

WHEN HE GOT FIRED FROM THE POLICE FORCE, HE AND SAM WENT INTO BUSINESS FOR THEMSELVES. TWITCH'S WIFE, HELEN, NEVER LIKED THE IDEA.

BECOMING A DETECTIVE WASN'T MUCH OF A STRETCH. IT ALL COMES DOWN TO LOOKING FOR PATTERNS. ISOLATING CO-FACTORS. IDENTIFYING COMMON DENOMINATORS.

TOO SORDID, TOO RISKY, AND FOR FAR TOO LITTLE MONEY. GETTING SHOT IN THE HEAD DIDN'T HELP MATTERS.

HE HAD A HOUSE FULL OF KIDS HE SAW FAR TOO LITTLE OF, AND A WIFE WHO WAS QUICKLY LOSING PATIENCE.

CRACKING THE "EXTERMINATOR" CASE WAS SUPPOSED TO CHANGE ALL THAT. THEY WERE HEROES. NO MORE STRUGGLING. NO MORE LATE PAYMENTS ON THE PHONE BILL.

HELEN WAS SO PROUD OF HIM. SO HOW CAN HE TELL HER THEY WERE WRONG? THAT THEY CAUGHT THE WRONG SUSPECT?

THE MAN WHO HAS THE COURAGE TO WALK INTO A THOUSAND BLIND ALLEYS, TO STAND BRAVE IN THE FACE OF GUNFIRE, CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO OPEN THE DOOR AND WALK INSIDE.

HE SIMPLY CAN'T LOOK HER IN THE EYE AND TELL HER HE'S FAILED.









...IN FRONT OF HOLY REDEEMER CHURCH IN MERRICK, LONG ISLAND, WHERE JUST HOURS AGO, YOUNG MARK LUCAS APPARENTLY TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

THIS IS THE VERY SAME CHURCH WHERE LUCAS ALLEGEDLY OPENED FIRE ON THE SUNDAY CONGREGATION WITH HIS FATHER'S .38 CALIBER REVOLVER.

THREE PEOPLE WERE KILLED, INCLUDING FATHER PATRICK COLLINS, WHO HAD BEEN CONDUCTING MASS WHEN THE SHOOTING BROKE OUT.

FOUR OTHERS WERE INJURED, TWO CRITICALLY. LUCAS HAD BEEN ELUDING POLICE SINCE THIS MORNING.



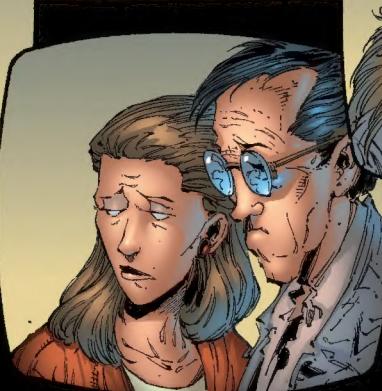
"THE COMMUNITY HAS GATHERED IN AN IMPROMPTU CANDLELIGHT VIGIL, A MEMORIAL BOTH FOR LUCAS AND FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE SHOOTING.

"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS TRYING TO EASE ONE ANOTHER'S GRIEF AND, PERHAPS, FIND A WAY TO MAKE SENSE OF THESE TRAGIC, HORRIFIC EVENTS.



DO NOT

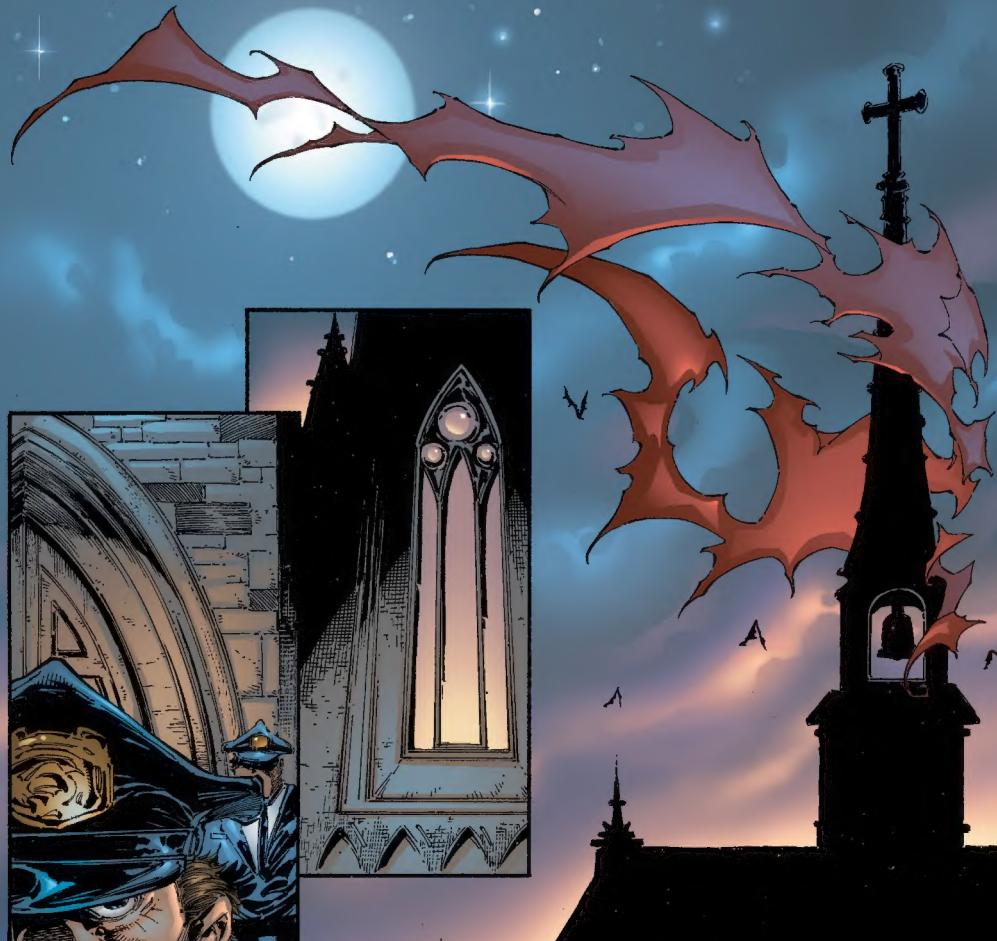
CRIME LAB SCENE



"LUCAS WAS DESCRIBED BY ALL AS A BRIGHT, GOOD-HEARTED KID--AN HONOR STUDENT AND CHURCH VOLUNTEER.



"POLICE HAVE NOT YET DETERMINED ANY MOTIVE BEHIND TODAY'S BLOODSHED, AND NOW IT APPEARS WE MAY NEVER KNOW..."



I'M STARTING UP A  
*Collection...*

TO BE  
CONTINUED!



Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE

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